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The author can be contacted at

pbruskiewich @ gmail.com.

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Prologue: Kitan Magazine

Le Minotaur Press of Vancouver is pleased to publish this sixth volume of ***Kitan*** Magazine which serves to feature the work of remarkable writers, poets & artists.

Kitan means tale in Japanese. This Magazine is about the excitement, adventure, romance, Love and Eros of a fine tale.

Kitan Magazine welcomes submissions on a biannual basis.

Please feel free to submit your submissions to

pbruskiewich @ gmail.com

There is no fee to submit. There is no writer's fee provided by the journal for those who submit. The publishing rights remain with the writer.

Kitan Prose:

The Warehouse Party by Gary McCrae

[A reminiscence recounted by Gary McCrae]

[**San Francisco**] The 1960's is fondly remembered but many people who are now in their 80's. For the rest of you, well, you just have to read the stories and perhaps smile. Not everything from the 1960's was memorable mind you – the loss of two Kennedys and a King, the Viet Nam War, the Hong Kong Flu – but the decade was about youthfulness and about fun. It would be about racing to the Moon and beating the Ruskies. It was the time of the baby-boomers, of which I was one, a boy from Victoria who had meandered down to California to live the Cali lifestyle. And what a life-style!

The 1950's had been staid and proper. That long ten years was all about Ike, and the bomb and flashy cars and a boring, albeit pleasant, home life. But such pleasantries were not for everyone. There were the adventurous types, boys and girls (mostly boys until the pill came along).

You might wonder why the Cali life was so full of hippies and deadheads. It may have simply been that in the States you had three coasts, the East, the Gulf and the West … the East was too prim and proper, the Gulf too rugged and still the frontier… on Cali anything could go and no one would really care. Oh, and the weather, let me tell you about the weather here in Cali … it never snowed and only seemed to rain when the rain was expected. And it rarely rained on anyone's parade.

On the East Coast you had New York, Greenwich Village, Andy Warhol and the Factory ... and a different Martini for every day in the month. On the Gulf you had New Orleans and Mardi Gras … which might have started on a Thursday but would continue for as long as the bourbon and bathtub hooch held out. On the West Coast … well it was perhaps one big party of you knew the right people. Lucky for me I did.

Who were the right people? It depended who you were and what you wanted in life. Being an artist, I wanted to hang about with other creative people. In San Francisco you didn't have to look very far to find then. Or perhaps they found you. I was a graduate of the *Rudolph Schaeffer School of Art and Design*. Somehow I had acquired a reputation for my creativity, most fabric work in the Notam style.

At the time I lived in a four story walk up in the Mission District and had a neighbor who took a liking to me. She always seemed to be prowl about when I left for work or came home late at night. I don't know how she did it … perhaps she asked the right people the right questions … but she knew an awful lot about me. But the situation was not mutual. I didn't really know much about her. It is not that she grew on me … she sort of glommed on me. She wanted me to take her out … and 'show her the sights.'

This was odd for me for I was the 'out-of-towner' and she had grown up in Cali. I think she was lonely, because she started to call me 'her man.' She said this to the postman who delivered our mail; To the grocery at the corner

store; The druggist at the end of the block … and then to me (I was the last to be told the news). She wanted to be taken out.

Oh boy … complications. But they were of the pleasant kind. She was a petite girl a few years younger than me. A bouncy brunette, well read, at least of the popular genre. She was well turned out in her simple fashions. She had few pretenses, except, of course towards me. Having a soft heart I let her play out that charade.

'Will you take me out?' Her eyes were luscious pools of emotion. If she were a kitten she could sit on my lap with those eyes.

A kitten has a way with people. It is not an imposing way, just a persistence that can't be faulted. She purred and purred and purred, until I could not say no to her.

To stop her purring I relented. "Ok … where do you want to go and what do you want to do?"

"This Saturday … let's do something together this Saturday evening." She seemed most insistent. I could have said no … I should have said no … but I didn't.

Well one of the few carry-overs from my '50's up-bringing was my Saturday night was bath night; a warm bath, a good book and perhaps Sinatra on the radio. Yes … I know … how quaint, but the rest of my week is so busy that

I don't have much time to wash between my toes, behind my ears nor even scrub my back. .

But she was most unrelenting. "Saturday night …" like Chinese water torture ... drip … drip … drip … "Saturday night …"

All during the week I asked "and what about Saturday night?"

And all during the week she answered enigmatically "you'll see!"

By Friday she had me around her little finger. I caught her, for once, arriving home with her arms full of two grocery bags, and being a gallant dandy I took them off her arms and she invited me into her apartment, two floor down from mine, for a glass of wine. I sat at her kitchen table as she set out her groceries. What is the difference between 'putting away' and 'setting out?' you may ask. She had bought things for a get together – wine, crackers, hors d'oeuvres and cheese.

I asked her whether this 'lay-out'was for Saturday Night. She just smiled enigmatically. 'Just wear something nice," she replied.

Yes … needles complications. I wondered if I should step in front of a tram and break my leg …

Though I was worried I managed to get a good sleep that night since I knew I was going to need it … Saturday Night … what had she planned for our Saturday Night?

The following afternoon, around 4 she ordered us a taxi and when it arrived around 6 she handed the driver a small piece of paper. As we settled into the back seat she turned to me, smiled and said "trust me …" I had seen her smile often before, but this smile had an edge to it.

Have you ever been told by a friend …"trust me." And, what resulted from this? Something good I hope. As I recount what our Saturday Night would become I leave it to you to decide what it became … if you get my meaning,

It was a surprise as we left the fashionable parts of 'Frisco behind us and made our way to the seedy warehouse district. Most of the buildings were old and abandoned, except one, the one we pulled up to. The taxi man gave us a wondering look ' you're the third fare I have dropped off here this evening …'

We got out and started to the door. There were two bouncers but they were unexpected. Instead of being two mighty gorillas. They were two fashionably dressed women, one with a phone in her hand. I guess someone at the other end of the phone would give the nod.

My friend smiled and one of the women replied in kind. The other one spoke a word or two into the phone. There was a pause then a nod and then we were in.

The ground floor of the warehouse was empty, dark, dusty and grey. The only colour and light was near the freight elevator at the back. As we walked across the floor, my friend's high heal shoes produced a clickety-clack sound that just made the room seem twice as hollow and four times as ominous. What had I gotten myself into, I thought during the long and *horrorisant* trod to the elevator.

Again, two very fashionably dressed women at the elevator, one to usher us into the lift, and close the heavy metal door behind us, and the other to operate the heavy metal lift mechanism. The lift operator was as tiny as a mouse. I could see she took all her strength to operate the lever mechanism, but by the smile on her face I knew she was enjoying the whole power trip.

It was a slow ascent to the top floor. And with each passage of a floor the sound of a get together got louder and louder. The sound was hard to describe. It was a mix between a rumble and a rabble. The rumble came from jazz being played live and the rabble came from the myriad of the voices of the party goers.

My friend had set our sights on the most unique party of that '60's season. I had heard rumors that some gathering was going to happen … they called them happenings, as if they were spontaneous … but the rumors were just

wisps and whispers, here and there among my circle of creatives. Well this was anything but spontaneous.

The bars to the lift could not be lifted fast enough for my friend sho peered through the bars like a hungry tigress before her meal. She looked up at me with eyes that sparkled and a smile that could melt an iceberg.

"Aren't you glad you trusted me?" She dashed into the crowd. I stepped off the lift and looked around the large floor.

The rabble was a mix of fashionables and hippies. I recognized Allen Ginsberg, John Kerouac and Paddy O'Suillivan. Like three vertices of an equilateral triangle they marked their territory among admiring gaggles of partygoers, mostly women fashionably dressed.

My friend rushed back and grabbed my hand and excitedly bellowed "let me introduce you to someone I know." The lift door slammed shut behind me and I felt like I was about to be thrown to the tigers. I am not one for parties. Let alone large parties, let alone circuses, but I was here and she was here and well she was pretty strong for her slight height and weight. She dragged me along, through the rabble, parting the people like a Moses parting a troubled waters.

It was to Paddy O'Suillivan she dragged me. He looked up at me with big, bushy, bored eyes as he said "glad you could make it," above the *horrorisant* sound and patted my friend on her backside with his big, bushy bored hands.

She didn't mind the man handling.

The two started into an unfinished conversation they had from a previous encounter and so I soon felt the third man … I let they prattle on and smiled meekly from time to time, nodding for effect, and as they got further and further into something to do with avant garde poetry I drifted over to the jazz band.

They were in a world all their own. Smoke drifted up from the fags they each dragged on. Its sweet aroma always made me ill, but it was what it was, and it was what was giving them the inspiration to *play jazz*.

I felt a pinch on my backside and whirled around to find my friend holding two beer bottles in one hand and playing the crab with the other. She handed me a beer bottle and then clinked hers to mind.

"Thanks …"

"For what " I answered.

"For bringing me here …" She waved her beer bottle around the room, spilling some beer onto the floor. She used to right foot to spread the beer around.

I waited until she looked back up at me before I said “shouldn’t I be the one thanking you?”

She shrugged her shoulders and drank some of her beer.

To be perfectly honest I am not a beer man but I owed it to her and drank a swig. Wretched stuff beer … even iced cold … by the time I had finished the swig she had disappeared. It would be like that for the next hour or so. She would put in her reappearance and then disappear in the blink of an eye. I don’t know if she was doing this for her own reassurance, or whether she was keeping tabs on me. I returned back to the *jazz*.

Off in one corner of the floor behind a blind hanging from the rafters something caught my eye. It was the flash of a small Krieg light. Someone was filming. Being a curious sort I drifted over and walked around the edge of the blind to discover to my great surprise a scene out of a Grosz painting. There was a large billiards table with one man and three women. He was fully clothed while the three women were in their dainties. The three women were playing billiards while the man was watching them. A women was doing the filming. I was about to duck back to the other side of the blind when one of the women waved me to stay.

So I did. I watched as a game of what could only be called strip billiards was played out by the three women. It sort of turned into this:

This isn't the actual film footage from that evening, but it is close enough of a similitude.

Then once again , my friend reappeared. She grabbed my hand and tugged me back to the rabble. "Naughty boy," she said with a feline expression on her face.

This time she introduced me to John Kerouac. Again the two of them spoke like old friends. Again I just sat there listening. This time my friend took note, leaned over and whispered, 'don't you want to talk with him?"

"About what?" I whispered back.

“About his writing … his book!”

“Haven’t read any of his writing …”

She peered at me with such astonishment that Kerouac asked her “what’s the fuss?”

Embarrassed of me and my ignorance she said “oh … nothing,” to him.

In an understanding fashion Kerouac replied “It’s ok if he hasn’t read my book. Lot’s of folks haven’t read my book” and looking up at me with stern eyes he continued “and never will…”

“Oh he will” my friend said scornfully “oh he will.” Then she turned he back on me as a rebuke.

Fine by me, and I drifted away as she and he launched into some esoteric psychoanalysis of traveling and dreams.

My throat was dry. I was still holding my beer and took another swig. Wretched stuff!

Across the room I could see Allen Ginsberg leaning up against some abandoned crates in an animate conversation with several women. It was then that I realized that there were perhaps four times as many women here as men. The women were all dressed to the nines, while them men, or at least

O’Suillivan, Kerouac and Ginsberg were dressed like longshoremen. I was the odd man out in my silks and cashmere. Did I tell you I am a dandy?

Suddenly there was a ringing of the emergency bell on the lift and it was like someone had dropped a fox in among the chickens.

There was a mad dash to the windows and as we looked down we saw a long string of flashing lights and paddy wagons. It was a police raid.

My friend grabbed my hand and dashed us over to Paddy O’Suillivan who didn’t seemed at all perturbed by the news. “They do this to me all the time. “

I explained to Paddy that I was a Canadian and if arrested they might deport me. He just nodded sideways with his head and started to walk to a dark and almost invisible corner of the warehouse.

Paddy looked over his shoulder and when he saw no one was watching he pressed a panel in the wall and it swung open revealing a spiral staircase leading down. “This goes to the basement. If you follow the chalk lines on the wall you’ll get out fine. How are you fixed touring the sewers?”

On the landing was an old wooden crate with several well-used electric miner’s lamps. He grabbed one turned it on to check it worked and handed it to me. “You’ll need this.”

Before my friend could say anything Paddy pushed us both through and closed the panel behind us. We had only one way we could go, down the rusty old spiral staircase for the wall panel had no latch on the inside.

And so I led the way slowly down the spiral staircase, my friend clinging closely to me. "I am scared …"

"So am I …"I said this before I could stop myself. Perhaps I should have said something else to her to reassure her, but you can't blame me for being honest. I was scared.

The air in the spiral staircase was dank, smoky and musty. The smoke followed us in. We slowly inched our way down the spiral. At each landing there was a white chalk arrow on the red brick wall pointing downwards into the dark depths. Her clickety-clack now seemed comforting to me.

"How much further," she said tremulously.

"I think we are almost to the bottom,' and indeed we were. There in front of us appeared out of the darkness a large iron door with an equally large iron bar door latch. I pulled at it and it did not budge. It had been rusted shut.

As hard as I tried it would not budge! I put my weight on the latch and pulled, and nothing. We both put our weights on the latch and together we pushed. As if to tease us it slipped a bit and then the rust holding it fast brought it to a

grinding halt. The latch was so well made that there was no clearance between the plates and rust had rendered it tight. If only we had some lubricant.

The light flickered and dimmed appreciably, as if it itself was also losing hope. "Now what?" my friend asked as she pressed herself closer to me. I could feel that she was trembling

Yes now what? I thought to myself. We were trapped … top and bottom. The chill was starting to creep into my bones. My bladder, began to complain. I thought about the beer that I had drank and was about to curse myself for drinking it when a drastic measure crossed my mind. "

Here," I said to my friend, "point this at the latch." Handing her the miner's lamp. It flickered again.

Then I aimed carefully and pissed atop the latch for a split second and then without tucking myself in I pressed against the latch and moved it a tad. Then I stepped back and took aim a second time. The second push moved the latch another few millimeters. But after three tries I had run dry … and the latch was unseated.

I tucked myself away. "Can you lift me?" my friend inquired dauntlessly.

"Yes!" I had run dry and now it was her turn. I set the miner's lamp on the floor.

"Turn around," she said. Then I did I heard the rustling of her dress. She handed me her panties. "Hold on to these for me." I tucked them into my pocket.

Then she wrapped her arms around my neck. I knew what she needed me to do. I took one step back and heard her say "ffff … cold." I imagined her bare backside pressed against the solid door. She placed her shoes against the door. Then there was a nearly silent whistle for a split second before she climbed off my back.

Together we worked the latch. It moved a bit more. With our faces pressed to the door the smell of pee became noticeable over the dank smoky, musty odour of the stairwell.

"Turn around again," and we repeated the whole contortion a second time. This time she lubricated the latch for a split second longer. Then we worked it.

Almost there!

She hoped on my back a third time and let things rip until she too was spent. "Third time lucky?" she said with a giggle.

We looked into each other's face for a split second. It was now or never. Together we pushed and pull as hard as we could … then the latch clunked and the door swung open. The smells of the stairwell was lost in the funk of

the air that forced its way in from the underground. But we didn't mind … we were free.

She picked up the miner's lamp, grabbed my hand and lead the way. The miner's lamp died that instant. She left it behind and we stepped through the door.

As we stepped into the dank underground we could see the street light streaming from the drain gratings. A few steps past the door was a ladder that led up to our freedom.

We both let out sighs of relief. "Care for some hors d'oeuvres?" She went first up the ladder and in the dim lighting of the place it was eerie how the shadows cast just above her knees. I guess I should have given her back her panties.

I followed her up the ladder and into the empty street thinking … if only she knew how much I disliked smoked oysters!

Seeing Stars in the Paris Night Sky by Rose Lang

[**Paris**] When catastrophe besets us it is hard to imagine good. But we first have to be able to imagine good … then goodness might manifest even in the midst of catastrophe.

Sort of like the philosopher Frankl describing the beauty of springtime from behind barb wire and downwind from the crematoria. It is a question of understanding what good might mean to us, even in the midst of catastrophe.

When the roof of our beloved Notre Dame caught fire and the flames lit up the night sky it was the end of the world for Paris. But good did come of this catastrophe, for when the flames were finally extinguish our Grand Cathedral still stood … just without its roof. I had watched this great catastrophe from my balcony.

Although the smoke drifted in that day, I kept my French doors open. It was a religious experience of sorts for me … the odor of the burning timber a sort of incense. The day after we *Parisiennes* began its reconstruction. I can still smell the smoke.

It is from this same balcony that my grandmother heard the distant guns firing towards Paris in 1915. It is from here she glimpse President Wilson in his car as he drove by in 1919. It is from here that she first set eyes on my grandfather, when her eldest brother brought him home from the *gare nord* to meet the family in January of 1923.

It is from this same place that my grandmother last set tearful eyes on her love when he left her forever in the summer of 1939. It is from this balcony that she wept of the tragic news of the summer of 1940 and from where she watched the Bosch goosestep into Paris … and later threw kisses down upon General Charles de Gaulle and the Allied and French armies that had come to liberate Paris.

It is from this balcony that my mother watched the street riots of 1968 while she held me in her arms breast feeding me … and it is from here that I grew up looking down and admiring this great city.

Each night I watch the endless and silent stream of ambulances that take the day's Covid-19 dead from the hospitals to the city morgue. Today Paris is once again deadly quiet … a quiet that I am told has not been heard since the summer of 1940. Sadly, at night the lights of Paris are dimmed and the streets all but empty ... not even the cats go out. Our doors are all locked and people are scared even to breath!

My grandfather, an emigrant from near Krakow in Poland, came to this metropolis not soon after the 'Great Battle' to save Warsaw. Most people, even Europeans, have never heard of the 'Great Battle.' When you mention it, which people rarely ever do any more, it is assumed by the listener that it was some struggle from the 1940's. But alas they would be wrong by two decades and half of Europe.

The ‘Great Battle’ to save Warsaw occurred in the early 1920’s, while Europe and Paris was being swept by the Spanish Flu that killed many millions around the world. Poland had come into a renewed existence in the aftermath of the 1919 Paris Peace Treaty and right from its beginning the Red Army tried to gobble back up a free and independent Poland.

Yet even in the midst of the Spanish Flu, a pandemic equaled only by the medieval plague, the new-born Polish State was saved from ignominy by a few thousand brave men who came from all over Europe – Frenchmen, Austrians, Englishmen and, of course, many young Poles who fought to remain free. The Frenchmen, Austrians, Englishmen were fresh from the trenches of the Great War … and had just a short time before been at odds with each other, but now they were the experienced ones, the officers, commanding a very inexperienced army of Polish volunteers, torn from the arms of their mothers in many cases and barely able to shave. And many of these young men did not live to see the day their beards would grow!

These young Poles fought against impossible odds and pushed back the Red Army and so a proud Warsaw lived on for nearly two decades, free and happy, before a great catastrophe beset it, first from the West and then from the East.

A Polish Home Army was there to fight a second and a third ‘Great Battle’ and while they were brave and determined their entire world crumbled into dust. Some stood beside Frankl while he spoke of philosophy and the need to go on living, some shook the hand of St. Peter, and some were buried for ever under the rubble that had snuffed their lives out, brought down upon them by

the murderous Stukas from the West and the silence of the artillery from the East. Can there really be a distinction?

In the 1920's the 'Great Battle' had been won. And from it emerged a brave Pole, my grandfather. He was a young man with wanderlust. He had grown up in a distant, provincial corner of Poland, not that far east of Krakow. It was a world of thatched huts and nesting storks. It was a world of horse drawn carts and dusty country roads.

But it was a world that he no longer belonged to, for his older brother had stole it all away from him when their father had died suddenly of a heart attack, while the younger of his two sons had been off bravely fighting for God and country. My great grandfather had tried to argue sense into his eldest son, but he would not have any of it. The father had a young, prodigal son … his eldest wanted it all.

With a peace earned, hearing the news of the death of his father, my young grandfather set his sights for home, bringing with him two French friends, whom he had fought alongside, on that long train ride south from Warsaw to Krakow. The two Frenchmen had hoped to winter over in Poland before returning to Paris in the spring time. It was the last week of December when they arrived at the small farm and they were farther from home than my grandfather was. But my grandfather knew he owed these two for their magnanimity.

But my grandfather had returned home unannounced and unwelcomed. While the Frenchmen could barely understand the cruel words … they could understand the harsh drama unleashed by the eldest on his young brother.

Une petite bien …that came out of the 'Great Battle' is that a young Polish man would toil and fight beside some wanderlust Frenchmen who thought so much of him, his loyalty and his bravery that after that conflict was over, and the guns had gone silent, and after the harsh drama of the unwelcomed Christmas of 1922 they would invite my grandfather to come with them to Paris.

They taught him some French. They dressed him in a French Uniform, they gave him some papers … off the body of one of their kinsmen … and then smuggled him across Europe to Paris in a train of returning French soldiers.

And in Paris he would stay for the rest of his life. In Paris of the 1920's he found love, became a husband and then a father and when duty called him a second time, in 1939, he again put on a French uniform, this time at the invitation of his new home *La Republique Française*. He fought valiantly a second time and died defending the honor of both Poland and Paris.

Yet, it was only recently that I finally really got to know my grandfather … for the great catastrophe of our day, that invisible one that could well become the 'Great Battle' of our day … forced me to close the modest apartment in Paris that my family have lived in since the 1900's, and put dust covers on all the furniture, with the hope that I may once again return, when life perhaps

returns to normal. I had lost my job and could not pay the bank what I owe from my business loans and so they put a paper against my house. I had until the end of March to pay up or vacate.

It was on the last afternoon of that month when we were moving the great brass bed I sleep on, a 19th century family heirloom that was where my grandmother was born, where my mother was born and even where I was born too (such traditions are familial) that I finally got to know my grandfather.

I was born three decades after he had bravely lost his life to the screams of the stukas and the massacre of the bombs that rained out of the sky. Yet I know him better now than any time in the past.

As the movers were lifting the heavy head stand of my brass bed it tipped over and off popped the top ornament. To my great surprise inside the hollowness of the bed were secreted an old silk stocking wrapping a packet of old love letters and of jewelry that my grandmother had kept well hidden.

My grandmother is also long since gone and so as I sat there and read the letters. As I admired and counted the diamonds and pearls I remembered how she would tell me that they had been well to do in the 1930's and that I, her granddaughter, would never have to worry, as she had later had to do, as long as I slept in this great brass bed.

The top ornament had a cross on it and I assumed that it was the cross that would provide for my safety and wellbeing. But now I understood. That

afternoon I phoned the bank and told them to go to the devil … I would take my business elsewhere.

That night as I sat on my balcony reading the letters by candle light, I looked up and for the first time in my five decades of life … I saw stars in the night sky over Paris.

Pictorial: I am a Minimalist

Half-Girl and Half-Boy … by Isabella Montsouris

[**Montreal**] I have a friend who is a bit mixed up. It's really not *their* fault. It is just that they came into the world not as an XX or an XY … but as an XXY. Yes … you read it correct … half girl and half boy!

So how can I describe this unique person; Are they a she … or a he? Is it a *they*?

They are a sibling of a female friend of mine. The friend is not really that close to me, but their sibling has sort of saddled up to me the past few months and I thought that not merely writing in my diary what I was feeling … but that I would put words to paper and see it is published in *Le Minotaur*, so *they* could appreciate my thoughts.

To begin perhaps a few words about me. I am an artist in my twenties. I am bisexual, depending on my moods and appetites. A great deal depends on who I am with at any particular moment. Being bisexual means that if I want to I can wear a nice tight black cocktail dress and go to upscale restaurants with men who fancy themselves as bulls, and then the next night dress up in old jeans and end that night buckled into a strap on being a bull myself on my *lust* interest…

It is all about *lust* and *thrust* … who said boys have all the fun!

They are a few years younger than I am. It is hard for me to know just how much younger for the usual anatomical clues are missing, or mixed-up. If I am going to continue with this story I have to give XXY a name don't I? I could just share with you the name they go by but then odds are you might stumble across them at some gathering here in Montreal and then that pussy cat would be out of the bag. So let me call them … KT (short for Kitty … the cat metaphor will meow itself later in this story).

KT is still trying to sort out a preference, for unlike me and my strap on, KT has a huge clitoris, bigger than the penises on some boys I have let fiddle-diddle me. How do I know? KT did it with me and then later saw it … and told me a little about their unique life.

KT grew up with a brother and a sister, and is the middle child. Within their household KT's mother could accept the ambiguity, but the father could not. KT's mother was very supporting of the circumstances. The father kept on insisting 'something must be done …" to make KT into a *proper* girl, or a *proper* boy.

Luckily, despite paternal pressures, KT's doctors let KT wait until the teenage years before deciding … does KT want to be a girl or a boy?

It seems KT had the best of both worlds, a large clitoris that looked very much like a penis, the distinct absence of a scrotum, and a small vagina. This makes me wonder what makes a girl … a girl, or a boy … a boy?

KT waited until puberty to see what might happen. By fifteen when KT hadn't yet menstruated KT went to a specialist who did an ultrasound and found that there was a uterus and two ovaries inside KT's body and two small testicles as well (the size of peanuts) that had not descended. That left KT unable to menstruate because of the tug of war between the female and male sex hormones.

It has been a few years now and KT is still undecided. I suspect this is why KT decided to saddled up with me. KT knows that I am a bisexual ... and open minded. But my knowing KT is rather unique even for me!

I met KT at a party almost two years ago. KT came to the party with his sister and when the sister left to make the rounds I was left in a dark corner talking with KT. At the time I had no clue about the ambiguity. KT dresses like a boy and so I thought … 'here's my friend's younger brother.' Being with a 'brother' of a girl friend leaves one with a safe feeling that no matter how intimate things might get, things would not swing to the weird.

I was in a mood that night and sensed that KT was in one too so we ducked out the back and went for a walk. I had drunk a bit too much and just had a bad break up and KT seemed to sense my angst. We talked around things. I sort of took an interest in KT and before I knew it I had let KT kiss me … or maybe it was I who kissed KT. We happened upon a picnic table at a park and before I knew it KT was petting my boobs through my blouse. I unbuttoned my blouse and slipped my brassiere up and let my boobs free and KT was caressing them.

I had never done it in a public place like a park before. It was a real turn on.

I was wet between my legs so I sat on KT's lap but not before I slipped out of my panties. There I was straddling across KT's lap and KT froze. Usually a boy would be pawing me between my legs by then but KT just froze. I reached down between my legs and unbuckled the belt on KT's pants then got up and turned my back to KT as I leaned across the picnic table.

I could hear the buckle on KT's pants jangle as they were brought down and then felt soft flesh against my backside. I was expecting the thrust of something between my legs and into the wetness of me …

Instead I felt a tickle as some flesh rubbed against the sensitive skin of my vagina. I thought boy is he small, so I turned and without looking down I let KT thrust into me from the front. Again there was s strange tickle and not a thrust. I had experienced a similar sensation before when I was *au pares* but never did I feel this sensation with a boy.

It then dawned on me to reach down and I felt a prominence, what I thought was a penis, but there was not much to it. I felt some empty skin beneath the prominence. A rush came over me; this boy had no balls, and so can't make a baby! I lost my head and wanted him to thrust deep inside of me.

I pressed KT closer to me and kissed him hard thinking maybe his erection would respond to this. KT did get a bit bigger … I could feel that … and was

able to just poke into my vagina. I thrust my hips forward as far as I could and could feel KT's warm flesh against my wetness.

We grinded against each other and I had an orgasmic flood that spilled down the inside of my legs. As I was feeling all this rush of emotion I looked keenly into KT's face and saw even in the dim light a flush and blush to match.

When it was all over I leaned back and looked down and then realized that KT was not a big boy …. but why should that matter to me. I kneeled down and wanted to flute KT then and there but no … KT pushed me away, turned round, pulled up his pants and started to rush off, almost in hysterics.

I chased after KT but KT disappeared into the night. I went back to look for my panties but could not find them. Then it dawned on me KT had grabbed them, maybe stuffed them in his pocket and ran off with them as a keepsake.

I guessed KT had never done anything like this before. I smiled … that sort of meant something didn't it.

Two days later my girlfriend caught up to me and asked what had happened between KT and me the night of the party. So I told her. She was strangely quiet and unbelieving.

"Is KT ok?" I asked.

She shrugged her shoulders. “KT wants to come and talk with you.” This was said without emphasis.

I was strangely apprehensive. “Sure he can come …”

A flicker of a smile passed across her face when I said ‘he.’ “When?”

“How about this Friday night?”

“Where?”

“My place. Why don’t the two of you drop by?”

There was a pause as she thought it through. “I might come with KT, but I think the two of you need to be alone when you talk. KT is very private and very sensitive.”

I hesitated, trying to make sense to the private and sensitive thing. “Sure …”

“Promise me you will not be judgmental!” Was this an older sister looking after a younger brother?

I really did not know what to expect … and what happened was the unexpected.

I had heard of sexual ambiguity when we had studied genes in biology. A certain percentage of children are born XYY and XXY. The XYY are endowed with Down's syndrome and are easy to spot. Those endowed with XXY are less obvious. I suspect there are more XXY's than XYY's in the world, and that some of the XXY's are the Amazonian women in sports, but they may also some of the diminutive women that we see around us and take for granted … small breasts, small hips and the like.

Friday evening came and around the time I expected them I was kept waiting. It was about a half hour later after when we had arranged to meet up that I heard a tentative knock at the door.

I opened the door. It was KT. "Come in …" I looked past KT. He was alone.

"My sister is not coming. She drove me here but … "

"But what?" I closed the door.

"We had a fight in the car. I didn't want her to come with me. She'll pick me up in an hour."

KT was wearing the same clothes as last time we met. I led the way in.

"Sorry about the mess," swinging my hand round my studio apartment.

KT looked around and saw my easel with a half-finished painting on it. “Oh, I forgot my sis told me you’re an artist. Here …” right up front KT handed me back my panties. “I should not have taken them.”

“Do you want to keep them?” I smiled when I asked.

KT shook his head. “I just wanted to prove something to my sister.”

That piqued my curiosity. “Prove what?”

“That I could …” KT lowered his eyes, “…‘do it’ with a girl.” The way this was said KT did not seem boastful.

“Did you tell your sister who you ‘did it’ with?” I asked.

“No … but I think she figured it out. That’s why she wanted to come with me.”

KT blushed suddenly. “There is something I want to ask you.”

“Yes …” I responded politely, for I sensed it would be something important.

“Did you enjoy … “ KT paused “ …’doing it’ with me?”

I felt my face flush. “Well yes to be perfectly honest, but …”

KT's head shot up. "But what?"

"Can I make you some tea …" It was the first thing that popped into my mind.

"But what!" KT was agitated.

"Coffee then … I think we need to talk." I made us some instant coffee.

And so we sat and we did talk for about a half hour and as we talked KT opened up to me bit by little bit about why 'doing it' had been so different for both of us.

I thought to begin with KT was one of these lonely puppies. I have had a few and had learned the hard way how hard it was to get a lonely puppy to stray somewhere else. There was nothing worse than a boy who had 'done it' for the first time with you and then expected to marry you and have kids, and well, get on with some sort of 'familial bliss,' all because you felt pity on them and gave them their first split second of lust!

Boys have fragile personalities, more so than girls. And they frustrate so easily. Girls and boys cannot be 'just friends.' So when a lonely puppy expected more I would simply say ' we can't do it … 'cause I was having my period' … and then I would give them the 'luck' they wanted some other way, making sure they had to go home with a pair of mucked up pants.

I wondered about KT. Right up front I told KT we couldn't be 'friends with benefits,' if that's what *he* wanted. KT had a blank expression on his face when I said this, as if my words had not registered. The 'no friends with benefits' didn't seem to bother KT … perhaps he wasn't a lonely puppy?

So I chose a different line. I told KT that when he thrust into me it felt so different than what I had felt before with other boys. It was when I said this KT slowly and quietly opened up to me.

"It seems," KT said to me, "I am both a girl and a boy … at the same time. I am a hermaphrodite."

I remained silent and tried to set a neutral expression on my face. But even as a bisexual my insides were topsy-turvy. In retrospect I can only imagine how hard it was for KT to talk about being "both a girl and a boy" with a stranger.

KT went silent and then looked around my studio. KT got up and started to walk about, then did an unexpected thing. KT started to strip and then said "draw me."

On top there were small breasts, perhaps that of a fifteen year old girl. The hips were almost that of a girl about the same age. KT had no hair anywhere on the body except on the head and eye brows.

But where there should not be anything prominent there was a hybrid between a clitoris and a penis. KT had no scrotum, only two flaps of skin that could best be described as the unfinished beginnings of a labia major.

As I watched, KT's prominence began to get a little more noticeable. It seemed the thing to do, to start by drawing KT's prominence.

He looked up at me and asked "well … what do you think?"

"I have never drawn anyone as …" I had to choose the next word carefully, and I thought that I had " … *special* as you."

But the word *special* set KT off. "Special … special … that's what my mom calls me … I am tired of the word special. Can't you use another word instead?"

"Unique?"

KT chortled “that word sounds a bit too much like eunuch.”

“Then another word instead …” I quickly said apologetically.

KT looked up at me almost sheepishly. “No … unique will do. It sounds like eunuch and that is sort of what I am. I am a girl on the inside and a boy on the outside. But being half girl … half boy means that I can never be a mother or a father; I don’t menstruate and I can’t produce sperm, but …”“

“But what?”

KT looked up at me with an earnest expression. “The other day … when we were ‘doing it’ … I felt something.”

When KT said ‘felt something’ my heart skipped a beat. I suddenly realized that I was getting wet between my legs. I set down my pad and pencil and approached KT. “What did you feel?”

“I think I actually had an orgasm as I thrust into you.”

I was now standing directly in front of KT. “Did you. Did you really?” I was staring at the prominence. I could see it was throbbing with KT’s heart beat.

“Yes, and I think I may have actually even ejaculated.” When KT said this I looked up to see a giant smile on KT’s face. “It was the first time I had an

orgasm and the first time anything had squirted out of me. I have tried. Believe me I have. I have masturbated so often it's a wonder 'it' hasn't fallen off."

The way this was said even KT could not decide whether 'it' was a penis or a clitoris. KT had yet to figure out whether 'it' made KT a girl or a boy.

I reached over and touched it. KT shuddered at my touch. I had touched penises and clitorises before. KT's 'it' was clearly neither. I was curious to see what would happen so I started to caress 'it.' The two flaps of skin swayed lazily. Between the flaps there was a small flesh colored opening, obviously where KT peed.

As I continued to caress KT there was a quiet knock at the door. We both ignored the knock. Then after a few more seconds there was another more insistent knock. I stopped my caress.

"It's my sister … her timing is always bad. Maybe you should let her in."

I turned and with my back to KT asked "shouldn't you put your clothes back on?"

"No, why … she's seen me naked many times before. Besides if she asks, you have been drawing me haven't you?"

So I answered the door. Her sister did not seem surprised or upset to find KT standing there naked, but she did keep her back turned to KT when she stood in the studio.

"Doing some art I see." There was an edge to her words.

I nodded.

"Should I come back a little later?" she asked.

"I don't know," I responded, "ask KT."

KT was quiet.

"I don't mind coming back a little later, if the two of you want some more alone time." Sis looked over her shoulder at KT You seem to be getting along …" then turned back to face me. "Are you the one KT 'did it' with the other day?"

"Sis! That's the last time I am going to tell you personal things ever again!" KT was angry.

Sis turned and scowled in return and shot back "That's what you have been saying for years." In her frustration she took a swing with her hand and wacked KT's prominence. KT flinched and covered 'it' with his hands.

"You know it is long past time for you to decide … girl or boy … girl or boy … one or the other."

Keeping the prominence covered, KT looked down at his 'it.' (I use the pronoun *his* because as KT did this it seemed like the right pronoun.)

Watching sis chastise KT like that made me hot and bothered, so I answered her. "Yes he did it with me the other day, and I rather enjoyed it. And I think KT wants to do it again …"

"Well then I better be going!" She gave out a sigh.

She looked up and me and in almost a whisper said "when we were young I use to let KT play with me. Now he wants to play with someone else."

Sis turned and started for the door. KT rushed to behind his sister and wrapped his arms around her. "Don't be angry with me sis. If you were angry at me I would have no one in my life."

It was then that I had a stroke of genius. I grabbed two big fluffy paint brushes and handed sis one.

"What's this for?" KT had not yet let her go.

"You'll see." I tickled KT's back with my brush. KT started to giggle. I painted down the small of his back, and KT started to arch his body. He let go of sis.

Sis turned around and watched what I was doing for a few seconds, indecisive as to what she should do next. Sis looked up at KT's face and smiled. Instinctively I knew that KT's eyes were closed. From where I was standing I could not see the expression on KT's face, but I imagined it was a mix between pleading and pleasure, the type of expression I had seen on many a *lust* interest when we set off onto something adventurous.

I thought to myself how amazingly similar that expression is on the face of a girl and a boy … as they reach resolution or fulfilment.

Then sis slowly started to tickle KT's right breast. KT stood transfixed. By then I was down to the top of his buttocks.

I studied KT's posterior. The shape of KT was somewhat more feminine than masculine. KT's torso was not rectangular but shaped like a cello. KT's bum was round like a woman's not square and angular like a man's. KT's hips were more like a girl's than a boy's, as was the space between the thighs.

KT opened his legs a bit. Sis started to tickle his left breast. I started to tickle his thighs from behind and beneath. I could see goose bumps pop up all over KT's body.

From the angle of her hand I could tell that sis was now painting KT's torso and stomach. I could see KT's buttocks starting to tense. I knew from experience that with a boy … this was a prelude to resolution …

I guess I was really curious to watch, so I knelt down and peered straight through KT's legs. This was an angle I had never seen before in either a man or woman. I could see the soft pink skin between KT's thighs. Along with the large hanging folds of skin, there was another small set of lips, and hidden away within the second fold was a pink crevice that was perhaps a very small vagina. Were it not for the prominence then KT might very much be a girl.

So I painted up between KT's legs … the big and small lips, and the pinkness of KT … just as sis was painting the prominence from in front.

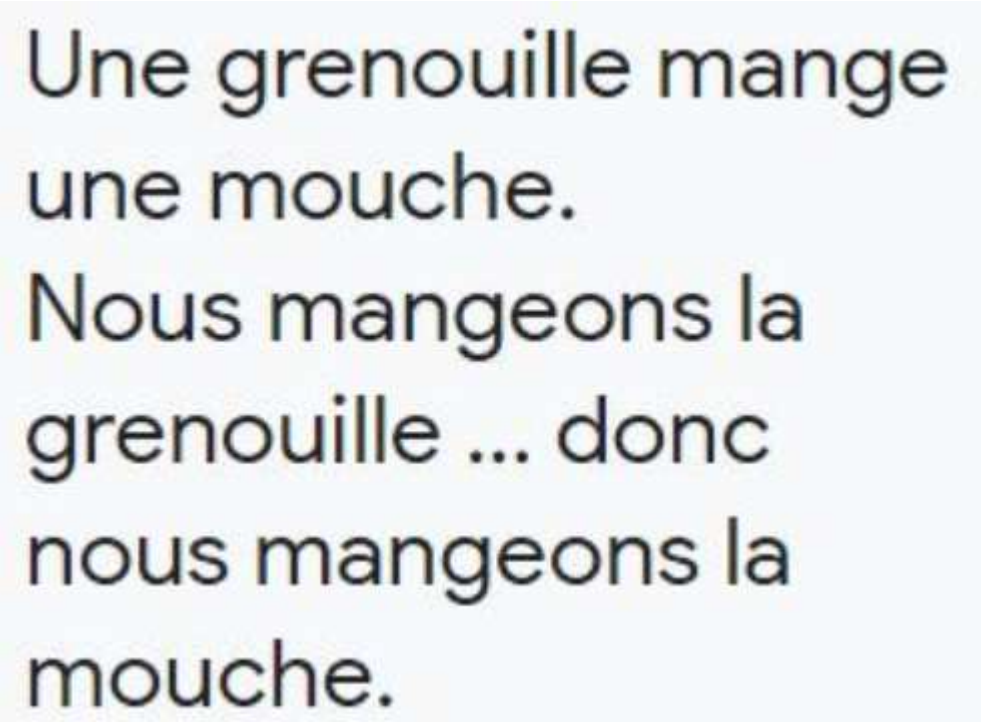
KT started to sway back and forth and breath with a ragged "huff … huff … huff." We both knew to paint faster, much faster. Then after a few rapid seconds we heard KT take in a sudden breath and sort of meowed like a cat … actually a *MEA*…then it happened.

Being teased and tickled this way by two girls was heaps too much for KT and brought on resolution. I watched as a splash of clear liquid came out of the tip of KT's small sex. Three times KT spasmed uncontrollably and three times a small fountain of clear, thick, gooey liquid arched and splashed onto the hard wood floor, catching the light as it arched through the air like priceless little diamonds.

All told it was perhaps a half-teaspoon's worth but it was obvious to us girls that this was a boy's fulfillment.

Then KT started to cry.

Pictorial: La Mouche et la Grenouille



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Hollywood Couldn't Make This Up by William Webster

(*Editor's Warning*: after reading this story, you might want to start looking under your bed before you turn off the lights at night, and lock the door to your closet.).

[New York] I admit Hollywood sometimes scrapes the bottom of the barrel, but even Hollywood couldn't make this story line up.

In the city of kink and crazies … Vancouver … a law suit is pending in front of the Supreme Court of Westminster between a BDSM DarK LorD – a Lord Braven (a.k.a. as Seann Lyncaster) who is suing the directors of the *Metro Vancouver Kink Society* because they had published an open letter and had two town halls alleging wrongdoing in the dungeon basement of his Burnaby home which the DarK LorD calls Braven Manor. Seann Lyncaster is suing a half-dozen people at MVK for defamation of character.

When I first read of this news story the first thing that come to mind was … I wondered if running a dungeon is an allowed zoning use in a residential neighborhood in Vancouver? Here in New York, at the first whiff of such a thing the NYPD, the Fire Department and the health department would be on the scene, as would the Post and the television reporters and well … you get my Geist,

You might wonder why DarK LorD is spelled this way – it's easier just to use the letters DKLD instead of the more formal title Lord Braven.

There is nothing Brave about tying someone up and whacking their soft privates. I take it the names Seann and Lyncaster are both Scottish names. If I could ask him one thing it would be … tying someone up and whacking their soft privates … isn't that what happened to the 13th century Scottish Warrior William Wallace in the film Braveheart (starring Mel Gibson), before they emasculated, drew and quartered him and then fed his remain to the dogs? *Et tu DKLD*?

When the court case opens I hope they sell tickets and pop corn for the public trial of Seann Lyncaster. Perhaps the Supreme Court of Westminster might sell the television rights and let the whole world hear about what goes on in the dark and sinister basement of Seann Lyncaster's Burnaby house. Maybe the DKLD can show us how it's done in live TV – so that we can all understand what Seann Lyncaster is deeming as legitimate.

Yup, not that its out in the open let's see how many times we can use his real name Seann Lyncaster. I wonder what the City of Burnaby and his neighbors think?

Here in New York there is something for all flavors of the day or night – as long as there is informed consent. That is what the law requires of both parties to the games. If you want someone to beat your balls until they are black and blue and ready to fall off, that's great … provided you have it in writing:

I give … this so and so… permission to beat my balls until they are black and blue and ready to fall off.

But there are still limits when it comes to pain-games. These limits represent common sense.

The premises for some but not all BDSM parties are that they sometimes cross the line as far as consent and commonsense are concerned … where pain is inflicted, sometimes leaving physical and emotional scars. But hey some people like to be abused and well, some DKLD's like to mistreat. After all, haven't you wondered why the DKLD's of the world walk bow-legged and haven't sired a family.

Kink parties are something altogether different than BDSM, or so I am told. I have never been to either BDSM or Kink parties, but I have some friends who have. At a Kink Party you can play out your fetish without necessarily inflicting pain and leaving physical and emotional scars.

In reading what is in the press in Vancouver it appears that what is one side of the lawsuit is a BDSM pain-game player who use to be an executive member of the Vancouver Chapter of *Masters and Slaves International* . Since filing the lawsuit *Masters and Slaves International* has suspended the Vancouver Chapter of their organization.

Something in the basement of Seann Lyncaster Burnaby Home

Was he selling tickets to his pain-games? Yes … of course at $ 50 to $ 100 a pop. I checked online today and guess what, you can even arrange to stay overnight at his 'Manor" at a cost of $ 500 to $ 800. Here in the State of New York you need a state license to run a hotel, following hotel rules, but there are no licenses for running hotels with BDSM dungeons for pain games … because they are illegal.

It begins to look more and more like a question of dungeons, DKLDS and money than anything else.

It is easy to see why *Masters and Slaves International* shut down the Vancouver Chapter that Seann Lyncaster was an executive member of. Does one BDSM org really want to horse whip another organization like MVK,

even if Metro Van are merely into Kink? Do they want to whack them until they are black and blue?

You can join a Vancouver chapter of *Masters and Slaves International* that is for Mistresses and submissives … if you are into black and blue and well I bet there are no DKLD's within miles of their play-games.

> *Hey Ashley try a rut niblick with that, not a number nine or a wedge, if you are going to whack that ball out of the rough, and onto the green. You might have to give it a good whack … or two …before it rolls the way you want!*

On the other side of the lawsuit is the *Metro Vancouver Kink Society*. The *Metro Vancouver Kink Society* a few years ago expressed both in spoken terms and in writing their concern for some of the goings on at Seann Lyncaster's residence in Burnaby. From what I gather from the press, the MVK were concerned about safety more than anything else. From what the press has expressed it may have something to do with Seann Lyncaster, a minor and some BDSM hanky-panky. We will just have to wait for the 'as the stomach churns' soap opera to play itself out in court. Yes, I do hope they sell tickets, pop corn and TV rights! That's what we do here in the states …You Canadians don't know a good thing when you see it!

Now here in New York State the moment hank-panky and minors enter the same sentence is the moment the State Prosecutor and Grand Juries come into play. Perhaps the recent Epstein case comes to mind? Here in New York a

law suit like the one filed by Seann Lyncaster against MVK would be held in abeyance and preceded by a Court Case of the State of New York vs Seann Lyncaster (a.k.a. Lord Braven) for a bevy of questionable activities.

When I read the first few Vancouver articles and watched his 'Kinx Studio' video what caught my concern was that Seann Lyncaster had a 'naughty school" in his basement. I snapped a frame from his video and shared it with some friends.

The naughty school in the basement of Seann Lyncaster Burnaby Home

On the surface, this seemed so juvenile. I talked with some friends who are psychologists and psychiatrists about this story and they watched the video that he uses to promote his basement dungeon. My friends asked me whether there was any mention in the story of an assessment of his state of Mind?

Several asked me whether he had been abused as a child. One mentioned that there usually are correlations and a self-perpetuation of abnormal psychology.

"This video is so creepy" … one of my other psychologist friends just blurted out.

A corner of the dungeon in the basement of Seann Lyncaster Burnaby Home

One of my psychiatric friends told me the trailer to the short film is also telling It points to a huge ego … which usually points to low self-esteem and a need to over compensate, and that he might be a rather lonely person, and has been all his life. What she said is the following…

> *'Perhaps the other kids didn't play with him when he was growing up. We probably all remember little boys who took great pride in picking wings off flies and then going the extra mile of eating the flies … just to gross us out.'*

iMOVIE AND RAWR STUDIOZ PRESENT
A RAWR STUDIOZ PRODUCTION IN ASSOCIATION WITH iMOVIE
A KINX MONGRAIN FILM
BRAVEN MANOR
STARRING LORD BRAVEN BRAVEN MANOR
EDITED BY KINX MONGRAIN PRODUCTION DESIGNER BRAVEN MANOR DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY LORD BRAVEN
CASTING BY LORD BRAVEN MUSIC BY iTUNES COSTUME DESIGNER LORD BRAVEN EXECUTIVE PRODUCER KINX MONGRAIN
WRITTEN BY KINX & LORD BRAVEN DIRECTED BY KINX MONGRAIN

The trailer to Seann Lyncaster promotional video

Yup, not even Hollywood could come up with stuff as strange as this!

I will be checking under my bed tonight … and locking my closet door … before turning off the lights …

just in case there are any DarK LorDs lurking about in the Dark!

Kitan Poetry

Dada Poems by Harry Crosby

INVOCATION TO THE MAD QUEEN

I would you were the hollow ship
fashioned to bear the cargo of my love
the unrelenting glove
hurled in defiance at our blackest world
or that great banner mad unfurled
the poet plants upon the hill of time
or else amphora for the gold of life
liquid and naked as a virgin wife.

Yourself the Prize
I gird with Fire
The Great White Ruin
Of my Desire.

I burn to gold
fierce and unerring as a conquering sword
I bum to gold
fierce and undaunted as a lion lord
seeking your Bed
and leave to them the
burning of the dead.

ENQUETE TUMULTS AND CHANCES

Why do you prefer to live outside America ?

I prefer to live outside America

because in America the Stars were all suffocated

inside

because I do not wish to devote myself to perpetual

hypocrisy

because outside America there is nothing to

remind me of my childhood

because I prefer perihelion to aphelion

because I love flagons of wine

because I am an enemy of society and here I can

hunt with other enemies of society

because I want to be in at the death (of Europe)

because I like tumults and chances better than

security

because I prefer transitional orgasms to atlantic

monthlies

because I am not coprophagous

because I would rather be an eagle gathering

sun than a spider gathering poison

because by living outside of America New York

can still remain for me the City of a Thousand

and One Nights

because the Rivers of Suicide are more inviting

than the Prairies of Prosperity
because I prefer Mad Queens to Mild Virgins

SUNSTROKE

each Color changed her dress
and notions difficult to dream
(when pencils play their
parts preponderous)
tanged Sunward
with ladies preferring
their breasts
no yeast suggests the
ruffled tenor of the
dragoman
who wishes on the hay
one last encounter
irrelevant of pause
(why change her drawers
to make the rhyme
less difficult to see)
the soot on ivory carpets
mongol-colored in the brain
the bitter rain
beyond the destination
of the heart

beyond the destination
of the brain
beyond the destination
of the brain
the sleeping goat-bugs
know not any avatar
and where the Russian
orifice is samovar
there Red Sea Rimbaud
guards his Aden Caravan
and Verlaine trembles
to the touch of trains
    it rains
    it rains
to mourn the ocean giants
buried deep
among the rankled seaweed
sharp with frost (aerial)
here buttercups shall
robin out the thread
that led beyond the
furcoat pleasures of a night
here gopher lights
shall fall and crawl
from one small suitcab
built for two

and now the shell holes
dwindle into fences
white as cherry lit with
snow
or carcassonned in
strength unyoked to
ivory plants that
turquoise airily to sea
(the waves are paper
bags to burst)
up that great Step to Sun
(zythum to aardvark
and back again)
here xebecs tell of toadstools
tabled out in pride
here xebecs tell of one lost bride
whose solaced eyes once
wept
to see the bursting parasols
migrate
between the two necessities of life
(and if her tossing hair
should catch
upon an edge of cloud)
and hearts in fear inurned
murmur her name

and dream sharp arrows
squeezed to stick upon
the Targe of Sun
or play at proposition
with the maid who gilly-gillies to the
S of mountain
railroad tracks
or rides astride their backs
voluptual as books in June
and in my bed
the Mad Queen lies
the Mad Queen of the bedroom eyes
the Idol I idolatrize
Color explodes
where once the feet of
Tripod Time danced wantonly
to bugle notes
(of unremembered telephones)
queer Goya tailcoats
sneezing into soot
queer rabbits falling
from the Flagpole of the year
and breasts spurt flowers
cramoisy and dark
and nestling turtledoves
are seen through fog

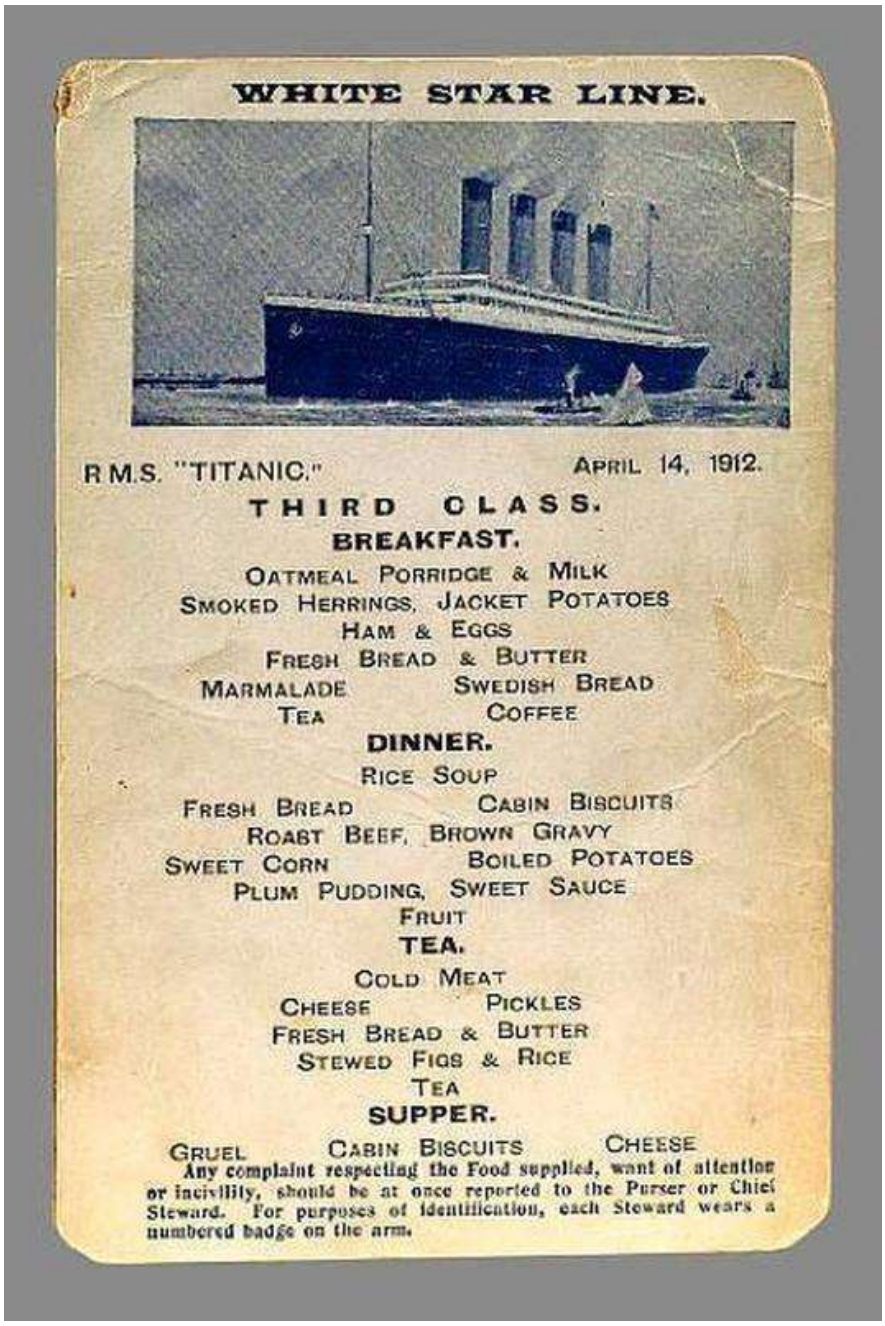
beyond the crow-black roads
Color Explodes
and if a proper noun
invigorates our teeth
can we not say
Black Black
I wake to Sun!

IN MADNESS

not in calm weather
faint breezes calm summer
when clouds have fled from the sky
and she lies with her hair and her dress undone
asleep in the hay in the sun
frail as a feather
I say not in this weather
but when the trees are bare
when the wind roars
when it whirls up the grass
    on the ground
when it drives the rain forward
when the sound of the thunder
    and slamming of doors
warns of mad weather
I say in this weather

(black out of doors
black meadows
black raindrops
black weather)
in this weather
when the storm is howling across the sky
then shall the Mad Queen fly to her love
proud as a feather
proud as sun
their hearts mad beating
        in unison

Pictorial: Breakfast on the RMS Titanic …



WHITE STAR LINE.

R.M.S. "TITANIC." APRIL 14, 1912.

THIRD CLASS.

BREAKFAST.

OATMEAL PORRIDGE & MILK
SMOKED HERRINGS, JACKET POTATOES
HAM & EGGS
FRESH BREAD & BUTTER
MARMALADE SWEDISH BREAD
TEA COFFEE

DINNER.

RICE SOUP
FRESH BREAD CABIN BISCUITS
ROAST BEEF, BROWN GRAVY
SWEET CORN BOILED POTATOES
PLUM PUDDING, SWEET SAUCE
FRUIT

TEA.

COLD MEAT
CHEESE PICKLES
FRESH BREAD & BUTTER
STEWED FIGS & RICE
TEA

SUPPER.

GRUEL CABIN BISCUITS CHEESE

Any complaint respecting the Food supplied, want of attention or incivility, should be at once reported to the Purser or Chief Steward. For purposes of identification, each Steward wears a numbered badge on the arm.

Surreal Poems by Paul Eluard

Like an Image (Fragment)

Armour of prey the black perfume shines
Trees wear an almond landscape hair
Cradle of ail the landscapes the keys the dice
The plains of care and mountains of alabaster
The lamps of the suburbs, bashfulness, storms
Unforeseen gestures devoted to fire
The paths separating the sea from its drowned
Ail the undecipherable riddles.

The thistle flower builds a castle
It climbs the ladder of the wind
And death's head seeds
Ebony stars on the glistening panes
Promise ail to their lovers
The others who pretend
Maintain the leaden order.

Silent misery man
His early morning face
Opens like a prison
His eyes are heads cut off
His Angers serve to count

To measure to take to convince
His Angers know how to bind him.

Ruin of the public
Its emotion is in tatters
Its enthusiasm damped
The ornaments suspended to the terrors of thunder
Livid pastures where rocks leap out
To put an end to it
A tomb adorned with the prettiest trinkets
A silken veil over the langour of lust
To put an end to it
With a single blow of an axe in the back.

In the ravines of sleep
Silence rears its children
Here is the fatal sound that burst the ear-drums
The dusty death of colours
Idiocy
Here is the first idler
And the unconscious movements of insomnia
The ear the reeds to curve back like a helmet
The exacting ear the enemy forgotten in the mist
And the inexhaustible silence
Which overthrows nature by not naming it
Which sets up smiling snares

Or frightening absences
Breaks ail the mirrors of the lips.

On the open sea in delicate arms
On fine days the waves in full sail
And the blood leads to everything
It is a square without a statue
Without rowers without a black flag
A rainbow-coloured naked square
Where ail the wandering flowers
Flowers at the mercy of the light
Have concealed fairylands of daring
It is a jewel of indifference
Within the scope of every heart
The chiseled jewel of laughter
It is a mysterious house
Where children baffle men

On the outskirts of hope
To no purpose
Calm creates a vacuum.

Les Gertrude Hoffman Girls

Gertrude, Dorothy, Mary, Claire, Alberta,
Charlotte, Dorothy, Ruth, Catherine, Emma,

Louisa, Margaret, Ferrai, Harriet, Sarah,
Florence in the nude, Margaret, Toots and Thelma.

Beauties of night, beauties of fire and beauties of rain,
The trembling heart, the hidden hand and windlike eyes,
You show me the movements of light,
You exchange a glance for a springtime.

The girth of your waist for a flower's circuit,
Boldness and danger for your unsullied flesh,
You exchange love for the shivers of steel.
And the unconscious laugh for dawn's promises.

Your dances are the fearful whirlpool of my dreams
And I fall and my downfall perpetuates my life
The space beneath your feet is increasingly vast,
Wonders, you dance upon the springs of the day.

All the Rights

Simulate
The flowered shadow of flowers hung from spring
The shortest day of the year and the esqimau night
The agony of autumnal visionaries
The odour of roses the wise stinging of nettles
Stretch transparent linen

Into the clearing of your eyes
Display the ravages of fire its works of inspiration
And the paradise of its ash
The abstract phenomenon struggling with the clock's hands
The wounds of truth the oaths that cannot fold
Display yourself

You can go out in crystal robes
Your beauty goes on and on
Your eyes shed tears caresses smiles
Your eyes have no secrets
And are limitless.

You Are Everywhere

You rise up and the water opens out
You lie down and the water spreads

You are the water turned away from its abysses
You are the earth that takes root

And upon which ail things assume a form
You blow bubbles of silence in the wilderness of noise

You play nocturnal hymns upon the rainbow's strings
You are everywhere and abolish ail pathways

You sacrifice time
To the perennial youth of the rigorous flame
That veils nature by reproducing it

O woman you give birth to a body always the same

Your own

You are its very likeness.

Necessity

Without great ceremony on earth
Near those who keep their poise
On this misery of ail repose
Right near the good way
In the dust of the serious
I establish relations between man and woman
Between the smeltings of the sun and the bag of bees
Between the enchanted grottoes and the avalanche
Between the care-rimmed eyes and the pealing laughter
Between the heraldic blackbird and the star of garlic
Between the leaden thread and the sound of the wind
Between the fountain of ants and the growing of strawberries
Between the chalcedony and winter in pins

Between the eye-ball tree and the recorded mimicry

Between the carotid and the ghost of salt

Between the auracaria and the head of a dwarf

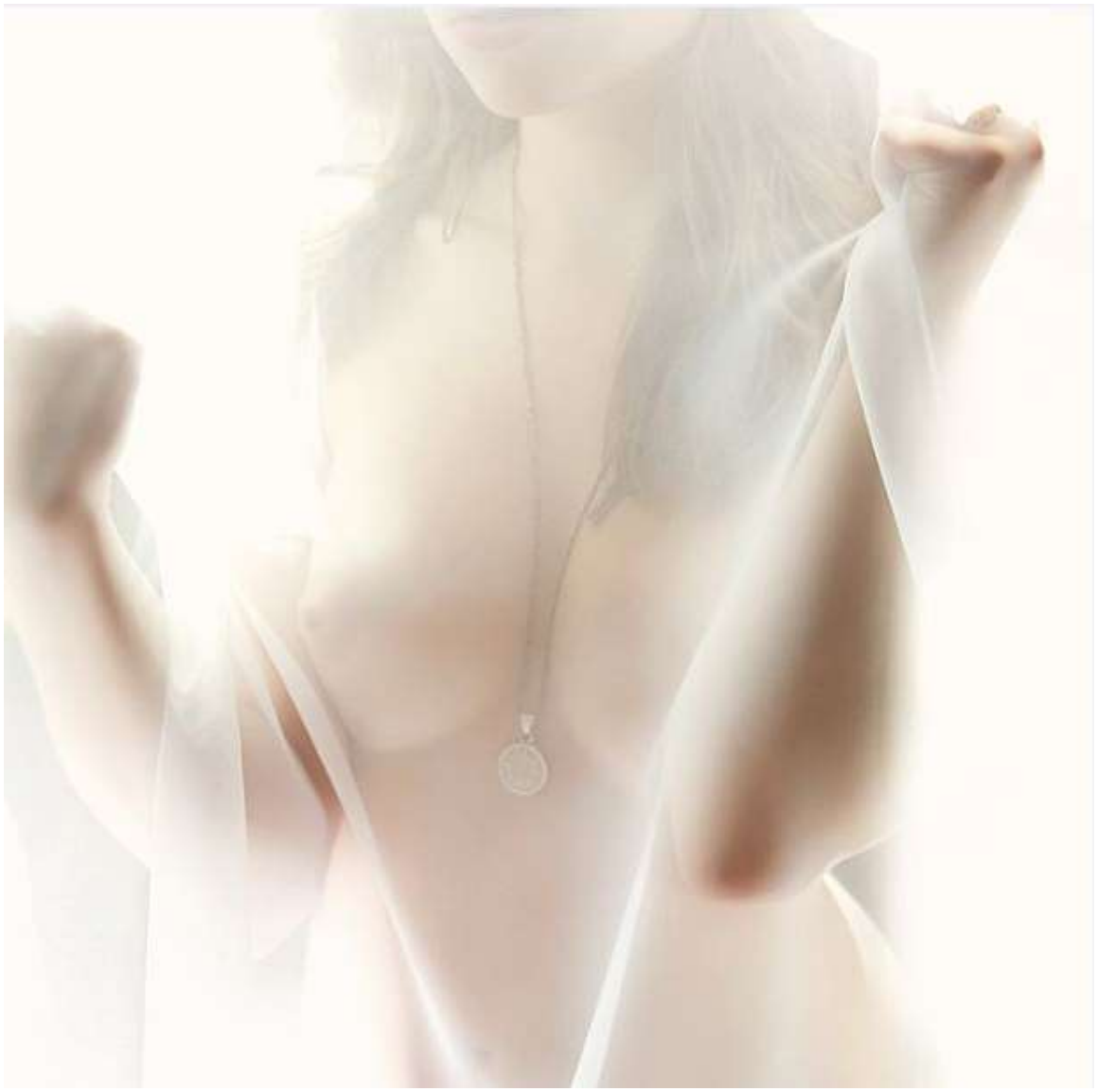
Between the branching rails and the speckled dove

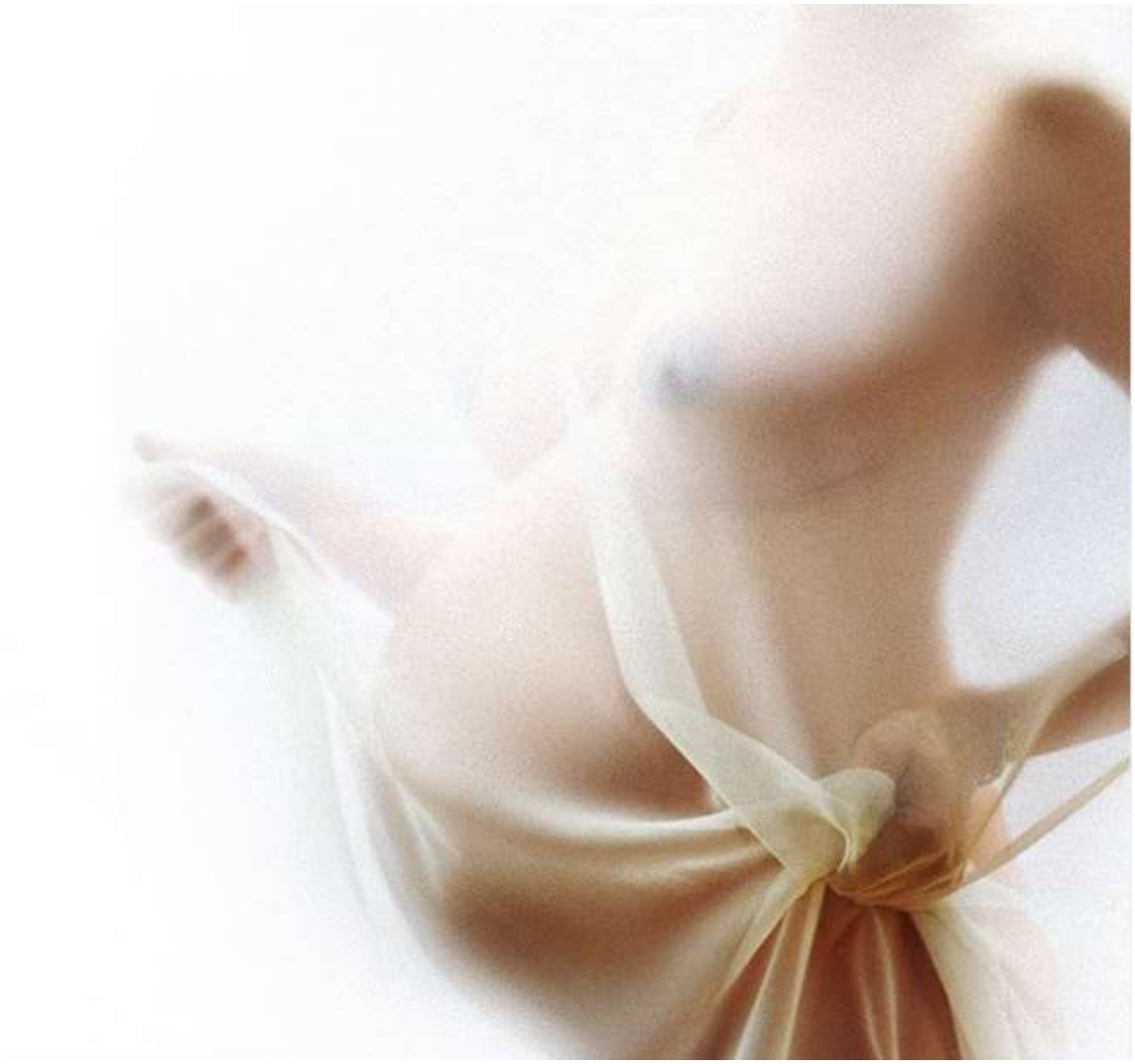
Between man and woman

Between my solitude and you.

Kitan Art

Silk Shadows by Brice





Pictorial: Stop it ... that tickles

L'Arte Dada par Patrick

Ceci n'est pas la logique

Ceci n’est pas un mot obscène …

Ceci n’est pas une femme …

Ceci n’est pas un tournesol …

Ceci n’est pas une métaphore …

Ceci n’est pas un pistole ….

Ceci n’est pas … non plus

Ceci n’est pas un Botticelli …

Kitan Photography

Japanese Performance Artist Cooks Own Genitalia for Guests

[**Tokyo**, 2012] Mao Sugiyama (born March 31, 1990) is a Japanese performance artist from Tokyo, Japan who decided to have his genitals surgically removed on his 22nd birthday in order to promote asexuality.

For his de-sexing, Sugiyama, who's known under the guise of Ham Cybele, underwent a full castration which is a genital-removal surgery to remove his 15 cm long penis, testicles, and scrotum skin, rendering him a 'nullo.' Sugiyama screened himself before undergoing the procedure to ensure he was disease-free. With no intention of implanting female sexual organs or undergoing female hormone therapy, Sugiyama plans to remain asexual.

He originally intended to consume the genitals; however, he later decided to stage a public event where he cooked and served the genitals with button mushrooms and Italian parsley to the public.

Although around 70 people turned up to the event, only five people actually ate Mao's genitalia at 20,000 yen per plate. The other guests dined on crocodile and beef steak.

Sugiyama, who donned a chef's hat, prepared the meal in front of seventy curious onlookers and dinners, as well as the Tokyo media.

The meal comprised of sautéed genitals with mushrooms and Italian parsley.

He gave a running commentary of his DaDa ideas.

Here he is slicing his sausage.

The main course included sautéed tender-loin of male and mushrooms …

As well as sautéed male oysters steeped in butter

Have you ever enjoyed prairies oysters (which are testicles of bulls) ?

Mao and three other people who helped organize the event were charged by Japanese authorities for indecent exposure which if they had been convicted could have meant two years in jail and around a 32,000 yen fine.

For following year, all of the media attention calmed down and the charges were dropped.

If you are left wondering as to why such a taboo went uncallenged under the Japanese jurisdiction, it's because the act of cannibalism is not illegal in Japan.

Over the last decade there has been several such fancy meals served in Tokyo, including at least one meal when *filet de femme* was served where a group of lesbians had their labia sculpture and their surgeries paid for at 20,000 yen per sitting.

There is never a lack of the DaDa in Japan.

Pictorial: The woman always wins in the end!

The Eight Stages to Anger

Imagine arriving late at an old medical building and not being able to climb the stairs to see your cardiologist. The doctor happens to have an office on the eighth floor. But the elevator never comes and like the building, the determined man's reaction has eight definitive stages …

On the street and spontaneous photoshoot on Saturday Morning, November 21st, 2015 at a vintage building at the foot of Lonsdale Avenue in North Vancouver, Canada.

The elevator is one of the oldest in Canada. It still works but is shut off on Saturdays and during off peak demand.

No, the subject does not have heart disease and no he did not succumb to a heart attack.

Definitions taken from the Oxford English Dictionary.

One – Optimism

Optimism: (1) The doctrine propounded by the German Philosopher Leibnitz, that the actual world is the best of all possible worlds that could have been created. (2) Any view which supposes the ultimate preponderance of good over evil in the world. (3) The tendency to hope for the best or to take a favourable view of the circumstances or prospects; hopefulness, confidence in the future.

Two – Annoyance

Annoyance: (1) The action of annoying; vexing; molestation (2) The state of being annoyed; vexation; troubled. (3) Something that annoys, a nuisance.

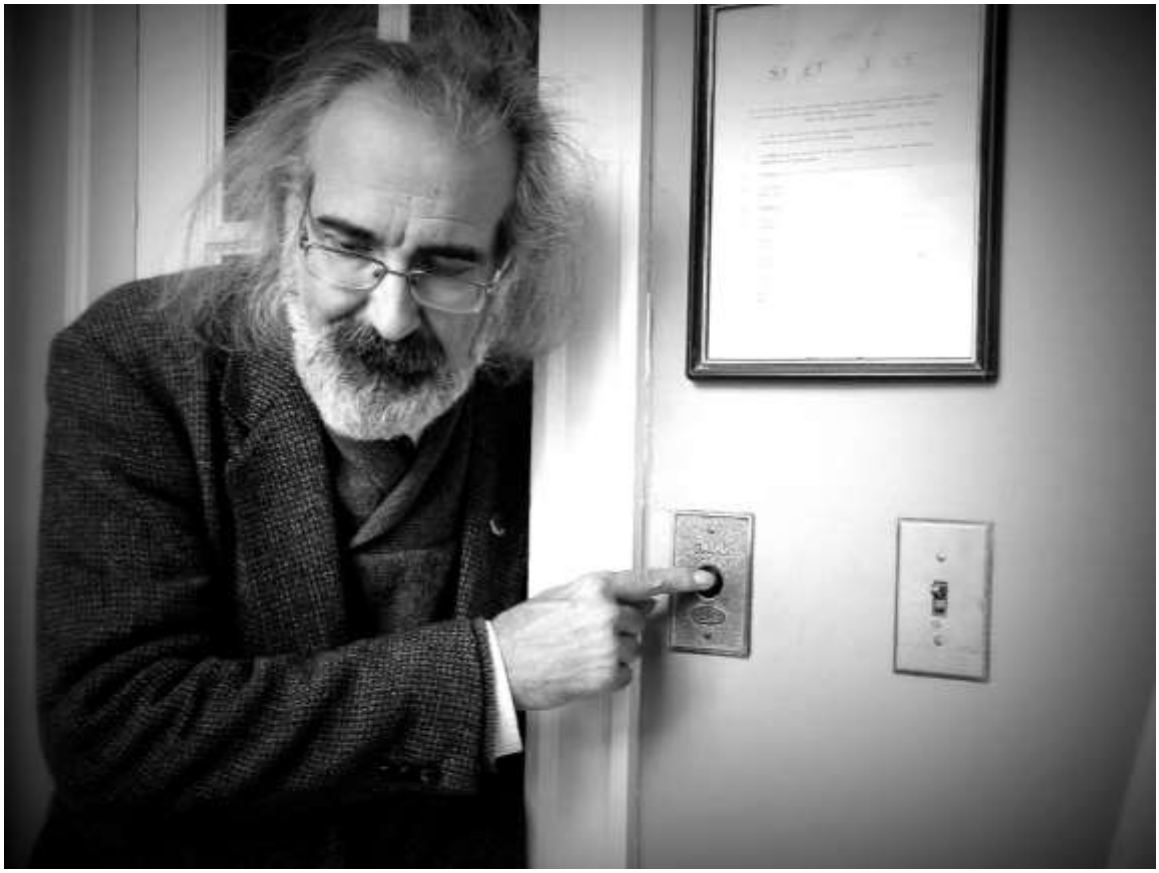
Three – Incredulity

Incredulity: (1) Unwillingness to believe. (2) Religious disbelief.

Four – Determination

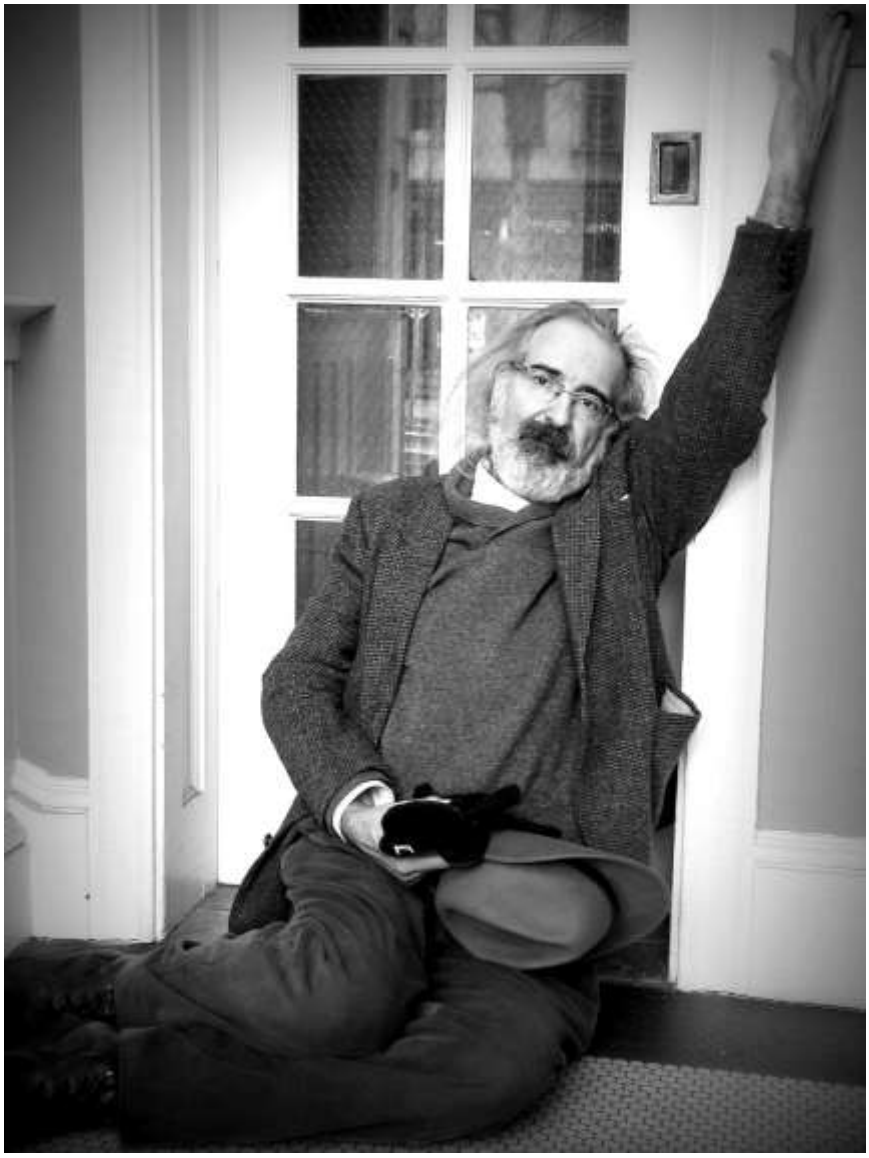
Determination: (1) A tendency to move or flow in a fixed direction; a determining bias. (2) The definite direction or motivation of the mind or towards an object or an end.

Five – the Perplexity



Perplexity: (1) Inability to deal with or understand a thing owing to its intricate nature; confusion, bewilderment, torment, trouble. (2) An intricately involved or confused state of mind. (3) A thing causing confusion or bewilderment; an intricate or complicated matter.

Six – Submission



Submission: (1) The action or act of submitting or yielding to authority; the condition of having submitted.

Seven – Exhaustion

Exhaustian: (1) The action of draining something of a resource or emptying it of contents; the state of being so depleted or emptied. (2) Total loss of strength or vitality.

Eight – Anger

Anger: (1) Trouble, affliction, vexation, sorrow. (2) Extreme or passionate displeasure, wrath. (3) Physical pain, inflamed condition.

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